

PINK NOSES AND FURS WERE EASTER STYLES

Fifth Avenue Paraders Who Sought to Argue with the Weather Came Off Second Best in Tilt.

The most distinctive points in the styles for Easter, 1913, were furs and pink noses. Anybody who argues with the thermometer generally comes off second best. Some of the women tried it yesterday on Fifth avenue. They offered evidence in rebuttal of the thermometer's charges against the weather, evidence in the shape of white serge suits, lace low-necked waists, thin silk costumes and flower-trimmed straw hats which they had purchased as seasonable for Easter.

Then the other side just summed up the case in a cold, cold gale of argument that swept relentlessly up the avenue—and the gentle (New York) spring's style in complexion was on. Sensible women stuck to their furs, and after church parade established the gratifying fact that there is a goodly proportion of sensible women, for stoles of ermine and mink and even long fur coats were much in evidence.

Dressmakers Are Worried.

Dressmakers who lined up on the edge of the pavement or on the sunny side of buildings from 42d street up to 54th street to get ideas from the parade had a worried look when they turned homeward. If you didn't know the popular tints or the most fashionable lines for a skirt, coat or gown when you started looking, you certainly didn't when you left off. Just one statement can be made without fear of contradiction—all the women were slim who could be, and a few were who couldn't. But the styles and the colors were so many as to give a most satisfactory refutation to the unkind slur that every woman dresses like her neighbor and doesn't be individual if she could.

Individual! Anybody who saw one woman who was walking toward St. Bartholomew's about 11 o'clock in a green and white silk suit, the skirt composed of two horizontal stripes, one green, one white, and said silk slashed nearly to her knees, with nothing under but thin silk stockings and green and white sailor ties, the costume topped by a cutaway green and white coat and a green hat with pink feathers—anybody who saw that knows that the individual taste still exists in dress.

There was one note of uniformity—it showed in the large number of simple, well-cut, tailor-made suits. Hundreds of the younger women, walking with their parents or brothers or husbands, wore the plainest of tailor-mades, in gray or in

blue, most of them, the favorite color seemed to be gray. Most of the jackets were short, with a belt effect in the back. One of the most attractive girls on the avenue was a bright-eyed young creature of nineteen or so, who came along hand in hand with a gray-haired, substantial-looking man. Her little suit was of dark blue serge, a blue straw hat with a saucy feather almost covered her dark hair, but at her waist was a great splash of color, a magnificent bunch of orchids, with some lilacs of the valley.

Tortoise and the Hare.

Maybe the girl who walked just behind, in a brown silk with a curious full jacket gathered into a band below the hips, Bulgarian trimmings stuck on wherever there was an excuse and some places where there wasn't, and a huge hat loaded with variegated plumes—maybe she thought the outfit of the girl of the blue suit, but she didn't, not to the eye that knew values.

The way women wore their furs wasn't the only encouraging sign of feminine sense. Another was that while the skirts were undeniably skimpy, most of them, real hobbles were few. Now and then a woman came trotting along in a skirt about a foot in diameter at the ankles, but these self-constituted slaves were a very, very small minority. Most of the women seen on Fifth avenue yesterday would have stood a very good chance, if given a fair start, of escaping an angry cow.

Somewhat as a fashion pageant yesterday's production wasn't very imposing. Was it because there were so many women and so thickly crowded?—for all the way up and down the avenue after church there was an almost solid mass of pedestrians. Or was it true what one woman was heard saying to another woman passing St. Thomas's?

"Oh, nobody that is anybody walks on Fifth avenue Easter Sunday now."

"As a fashion show this is the limit," growled a man dressed like who stood at the corner of 42d street.

"Look in the carriage," said his companion, and it was through carriage windows that you got the most attractive glimpses, but they were only glimpses.

But if anything was the matter with the show it was Miss Democracy and Old Winter that did it. How can Dame Fashion exhibit herself to advantage with Miss Democracy letting down the bars to everybody? How can Gentle Spring have a springlike pageant with Old Winter butting in as stage manager? They can't.

ALL THE NEW STYLES WERE NOT ON FIFTH AVENUE.



EAST SIDE'S EASTER DIMS FUTURIST HUES

No Lack of Local Color in Grand Street's Parade of Gay and Giddy Girls.

MATRONS FOR BACKGROUND

Patriarchs of Seward Park Ply Their Various Trades and Take No Heed of Day or Its Parades.

Furs and feathers and flowers and fruits vied for supremacy in the Easter parade on Grand street yesterday. So did every color in the solar spectrum, and some that have been created since time and time again. The Cubists and Futurists began to play pranks with pigments.

In justice to the matrons it must be said that they clung rather faithfully to black and blue, but the girls fairly riot in color and odd creations. It seemed to a mere man, only acquainted with fashions from viewing the windows of Fifth avenue modistes and an occasional stroll through the department stores that these bewitching girls of the East Side, when they failed to find anything on sale to suit their particularly futuristic fancy, just sat down and made it.

And here are the results of a visit to Grand street yesterday, transcribed from notes made on the scene.

The first pretty girl was noticed at Grand and Chrystie streets. She wore a green velvet tailor-made suit striped with thin black lines. The coat was V-shaped in the back. Black buttons sprinkled all over suit. Wore a white lamb collar and a muff to match. Muff trimmed with rosebuds of pale pink. Wore no hat.

Coming out of a coffee house with her beau, a symphony in Nile green and pink. Green mousquetaire hat of hemp. About two yards of pale green ostrich plumes. Suit trimmed with pink velvet at collar and cuffs. Pink pearl buttons.

Near Eldridge street. Two happy young couples. Young women wearing middie suits of white and blue. Evidently sisters and their beaux. All four wearing tan shoes. Furs—bleached St. Bernard. Magnolia straw hats, trimmed with canarylike birds with long tails. Blue ribbon bows on hats.

Advantages of Wires.

Very pretty girl. Same place. With beau. Electric seal fur coat trimmed with raccoon. Brown and green striped skirts. Tan gloves. Black straw hat crushed in at top, with red cherries bunched on either side. Wide ribbon around crown. Ribbon shows green, red, yellow, blue, brown stripes. Tied in a bow on right side. Bows evidently wired, for they stand out at an angle of 45 degrees in stiff wind blowing from river.

We will leave the notes awhile as we go down Norfolk street and visit Seward Park, one of the prettiest breathing spots of the East Side, where the children of rich merchant and poor pedlar fraternize in the playgrounds. Here there is no evidence of Easter Sunday. Scores of long bearded patriarchs are out trying to make a living selling second-hand clothes and shoes and hats. The hat vendors carry them piled one on top of another in front of them. One gray beard with a moth-eaten astrachan cap has a stack of more than a dozen odd derbies and soft hats. He lays them on the ground as a customer comes along, haggles over the price and sells one that is a bit too big for the wearer for 15 cents.

An Open Air Shoe Shop.

One of the old shoe merchants has his wares, all shining in the white glare, spread out on the steps of Public School 62. An old man, also bearded, stops, and, agreeing on 65 cents as the price for a pair of shoes, freshly half sold, tries them on for the sidewalk. They fit him, and he leaves his old shoes in the gutter as he goes away.

We go back up Essex street, breathing odors from barrels of herrings and other salted and pickled fish that stand on the

sidewalk, and we are again in the merry crowd of Grand street paraders. And, following the habit of many of them, we go into one of the many coffee houses in the street with signs in the windows telling in that coffee and cake may be had for 10 cents.

With us enters a truly beautiful Jewess, accompanied by her mother. The latter, richly dressed in black, is in striking contrast to her daughter. She is wearing a tailor-made suit of gray and black check, and a grayish blue straw hat, trimmed with a wreath of forget-me-nots and rosebuds and a big ostrich plume, partly blue, partly gray. As she opens her coat the lining, an emerald green, makes a gay background for a white-embroidered waist, cut low at the neck, where a golden heart glimmers. At her belt is fastened a bouquet of red roses, framed in ferns. And we hum, involuntarily, "Her smile is of pearl and of coral, her eyes hold the dusk and the dew; 'Her sigh is the breath of the laurel, her heart'—"

And one loses interest in all parades.

GREEKS HOLD SERVICE IN MEMORY OF KING

Huge Cake Is Divided Among Many Members of New York's Colony.

One thousand members of the Greek community of New York gathered yesterday to take part in the service held in the Church of the Holy Trinity, the Greek orthodox church in East 72d street, near Third avenue, in honor of the late King George I of Greece. Solemn music, led by the Rev. Theodore Courcoulis, assisted by the Rev. Metheides Courcoulis, of the Greek orthodox church of Cyprus. The same orthodox churchman celebrated the requiem high mass in memory of the late King. Father Courcoulis preached the memorial sermon in Greek, reciting the history of King George from the time he became King to the time of his death.

The "Myroloia," a lyric of lamentation, was sung by Father Jacobides. It was the story of the Greek King's life and lasted fifteen minutes.

Pastor Courcoulis' sermon was a eulogy of King George. He said that at first the King was not popular, and was regarded with suspicion, but as it became evident that he loved Greece and her people he became more and more beloved of them. He died, said the speaker, beloved by all Greeks.

Directly in front of the altar was a high pedestal surmounted by a pyramid shaped cake. Its four white faces were covered with designs outlined with beads of a silver colored confection. They represented the crown and coat of arms of Greece. The Greek name for this cake is coliva. It was made of boiled wheat grains, granulated sugar, cinnamon, almonds and many other ingredients. Later in the day it was divided into many pieces to be distributed among members of the Greek community in honor of the memory of the late King.

DR. BRISTOW IMPROVES Surgeon's Life in Peril from Blood Poisoning.

Improvement was shown yesterday in the condition of Dr. A. T. Bristow, the surgeon, who is suffering from blood poisoning at his home, No. 234 Clinton street, Brooklyn. He is not yet considered out of danger, but his family and physicians are much encouraged. Dr. Bristow picked a finger while performing an operation at the Long Island College Hospital on March 12. The wound was so slight that it could scarcely be seen. A couple of days afterward the poison made its presence known by the swelling of the hand, and the inflammation spread up his arm. Drs. W. B. Brinsmade, H. R. Delatorre and J. M. Van Cott, Jr., have charge of his case.

He was treated with the new Van Cott vaccine, but his condition grew steadily worse until Saturday, when his state was reported to be decidedly grave.

Dr. Bristow is one of the best known surgeons of the country. He is sixty-two years old and was graduated from Yale University with the class of '73 and from the college of Physicians and Surgeons with the class of '74. He is an ex-president of the New York State Medical Society, an ex-editor of "The New York Medical Journal," a vice-president of the New York Academy of Medicine and a member of various organizations of physicians and surgeons. He is clinical professor of surgery at the Long Island College, visiting surgeon at the Long Island College, Kings County and St. John's hospitals and consulting physician at the Long Island Swedish, Coney Island and Bushwick hospitals.

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CHURCHES TOO SMALL FOR EASTER THROG

Many Worshippers Are Turned Away for Lack of Room in Biggest Edifices.

What the attendances at New York churches would have been yesterday if everybody who tried to get in had succeeded can only be guessed at. The cathedrals of St. John the Divine and of St. Patrick, St. Bartholomew's, St. Thomas, old Trinity and Grace Episcopal, Central, Brick and the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian, St. Nicholas and the Marble Collegiate Reformed churches were not only filled yesterday at all services, but in these and many other cases more people were turned away than gained admittance.

The practice of the Catholic churches of having many services at earlier hours was followed by some Protestant churches of New York yesterday, which forecast the numbers that would seek to attend. This plan is new, and it worked well in Protestant as in Catholic churches. Yesterday's experience in size of congregations followed a Lent that broke all New York records.

The Lenten season of 1913 exploded the popular notion that people do not go to church as they formerly did. At the noon hour services in this city, ending last Saturday and not including yesterday, the total attendance reached 120,000. Not only was this number larger by 15,000 than in any previous Lent, but the proportion of men beat all records. This New York experience was duplicated, it is reported, in most large cities and some smaller ones.

Another demonstration made by New York churches this winter, and especially this Lent, is that the downtown churches, in the business districts, reach larger numbers of people than do the uptown ones.

The cold weather seemed to have nothing to do with the joyous character of music in New York churches yesterday, or with the elaborate decorations of flowers which filled their chancels. More new music was heard yesterday than on any Easter in years, and an unusual thing about it was the fact that a large portion of it was the composition of New York, or at least American, choirmasters. The English organists called as never before to dominate the programmes.

Pomp in St. Patrick's.

With fully two thousand people unable to gain admission to the overcrowded aisles of St. Patrick's Cathedral yesterday morning to attend the high mass pontificated by Cardinal Farley, the celebration of one of the greatest two feast days of the Roman Catholic Church was carried out with all the pomp and splendor that obtains in the great cathedrals of Europe. Inside the cathedral every seat was filled and the aisles were crowded. The sermon of the day-telling of the resurrection of Christ and the meaning of the resurrection to Christians—was preached by the Rev. John Quirk, professor of philosophy in Georgetown College.

"The only reason for our presence in this church to-day," said the Rev. Dr. Manning, preaching in historic Trinity, Broadway and Wall street, "is the fact that we believe not in a dead Christ but in a living one. People try to tell us that faith is declining. They do not hesitate to talk of outward creeds and discredited Christologies. The man whose own faith is declining is very likely to think that Christianity is declining."

In the oldest church in New York, St. Nicholas Reformed, in Fifth avenue, the minister, the Rev. Dr. Malcolm J. McLeod brought out the power of the resurrection. He said: "Paul did not simply want to know the resurrection; he wanted to know its power, which is a much more important thing. There is a wide difference between knowing a truth and knowing the power of that truth. A farmer may know there is gold beneath his farm, but it does not make him rich until he mines it. I know that electricity is energetic, but it does not light my room until I imprison it and store it. I may believe that there is a strengthening efficacy in food, but of what avail is that unless I eat it? No creed is of any virtue until it is lived, information is a dead thing until it becomes an experience."

Finds Conviction for Living.

In the Brick Church the Rev. Dr. W. F. Merrill gave a message to men and women who want to know, for sure, that there is a future life. "You can know that fact," he said, "not by argument, but by practice. You can get the conviction of it, not by thinking, but by living."

The Rev. Roland C. Ormsbee, the new rector of St. Margaret's Episcopal Church, the Bronx, said in his sermon: "We hear much about going back to Christ. It is not back to Christ that we should go. Christ is not in the past. He is not behind us. Our cry should be 'Forward to Christ!'"

"The world had believed in immortality before Christ," said the Rev. Dr. Charles L. Slattery in Grace Church, Broadway and 19th street. "His resurrection, therefore, does not assure us so much of the fact of immortality as it reveals the kind of life which the future has in store for us."

The Rev. John Haynes Holmes, in the Church of the Messiah, argued the point whether immortality was for all men or only for those who believed in Christ. He said immortality was essentially a democratic faith or it was nothing.

"Resurrection Faith" was the topic of Bishop Greer, preaching in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine.

STREET DUELLISTS BOTH DEAD

Banks, Ark., March 23.—Samuel White, proprietor of a Banks hotel, and A. B. Stevens, of Kansas City, his guest, quarrelled over the amount Stevens should pay for accommodations and each shot the other to death on the street here yesterday.

A REAL NAPOLEON OF FINANCE FOUND

Continued from first page.

tionary, make no mention of Mr. Miller, who spent several years in Sing Sing for his practices, but the instructions do emphasize the point that the Manhattan Mutual Realty Company's sort of endless chain scheme is likely to make the owners of these "home contracts," almost all men and women earning \$8 to \$15 a week, richer by \$4,220 after they have paid in \$10.

Assuming that one of the holders of these "home contracts" had stopped payment at the end of the tenth week, after making ten payments of \$1 to Linton's Manhattan Mutual Realty Company, and the near endless chain had been completed within a year, he would have made \$4,220 on his investment or 42,200 per cent. Poor old Miller never promised more than 520 per cent.

Scattered Worthless Checks.

But despite all Linton's seeming wealth, he has been scattering checks around town that were worthless, and on some of these the holders have taken action, obtaining judgment against the Manhattan Mutual Realty Company. But no deputy sheriff has yet found any trace of the Manhattan company's assets, which Linton, in glowing language, describes as being worth more than \$250,000 to satisfy these claims.

Nor can men who have judgments against the Manhattan Mutual Realty Company for material delivered find anything tangible to seize in Linton's pet corporation, for he is president of three corporations in all, and all have offices in the same suite, at No. 240 Broadway. Any one walking through City Hall Park may read in big golden letters "J. F. Linton Co." spread across the twenty-five feet of the building.

Two men who would like to learn where some of these alleged assets of the Manhattan Mutual Realty Company are concealed are Charles A. Towne, former United States Senator, and his law partner, Benjamin F. Spellman. They acted as counsel for Linton in some condemnation proceedings. They presented their bill.

Linton, without batting an eyelid—in fact, he is a very wide-awake sort—gave Senator Towne and Mr. Spellman two checks, one for \$345.69 and the other for \$302.70. This happened last October and a week later the checks were returned to Senator Towne, marked "N. G." But Senator Towne is philosophical. So is Mr. Spellman. And they are waiting for the day when they can collect on their judgment.

Another man who is anxious to collect from the Manhattan Mutual is William N. Ridge, a real estate dealer, with offices at No. 302 Broadway. He has two judgments assigned to him by William S. Van Cleaf, the big lumber merchant of Staten Island, aggregating about \$500.

Law Firm Brings Suit.

Then there is the legal firm of Maerle, Darius & Maerle, of No. 291 Broadway, who are suing the Manhattan Mutual for \$612, which one of their clients contributed to the Manhattan Mutual Realty Company. They would like to discover its assets, for in their suit, which is pending in the City Court, they charge the corporation with having falsely and fraudulently represented to their client, one Peter Huplpritt, of No. 56 Sutton street, Brooklyn, that they owned two lots, minutely described in the contract, and which they agreed to sell Huplpritt.

Huplpritt, according to the sworn charges, after giving up \$12 of his hard earned money, learned that the Manhattan Mutual Realty Company didn't own the lots and could not deliver title. But despite this, Linton, as president of the corporation, collected \$4812 from Huplpritt as taxes on the property.

A few more somewhat similar cases serve as an illustration of how hundreds in the city poured their dollars into Linton's pockets. Arthur J. Moran and his brother, of No. 463 Clermont avenue, Brooklyn, turned over the better part of several years' savings, about \$500, to Linton and they are still waiting for the promised land; John Elefant, a merchant tailor, of No. 131 West 4th street, Manhattan, gave up \$400; but enough of these. Let us go back to the chief stock in trade of the chief d'oeuvre of Linton's art, the "home contract."

These contracts, which look like a United States bond, charmingly lithographed and engraved in pale green and deep brown, are couched in carefully selected legal language, and bind the holder to pay \$1 a week until \$100 has been paid in, when the Manhattan Mutual Realty Company agrees to secure a suitable location for a home for the holder, to prepare plans and to build a house not to exceed \$3,000 in cost, which last mentioned sum, or any fraction thereof, is to be paid in monthly instalments of \$8.45 for each \$1,000.

Fine, but finer still are the twenty coupons attached to the "Home Contract." Now Mr. Linton, president and brains of the company, promises under his signature to give the purchaser of the "Home Contract," and purchaser is Mr. Linton's own word, \$1 for every person who is induced to buy a contract and who makes one or more payments as the result of the distribution of the twenty coupons; and, to quote from the "Home Contract":

"Paragraph 2—Fifty (50) cents each for all persons similarly procured by the persons mentioned in paragraph numbered (1) who make the first payment. Paragraph 3—Fifty (50) cents each for all persons similarly procured by the persons mentioned in paragraph numbered (2) who make the third payment."

It will be seen that on the first twenty the proud possessor of said "Home Contract" is richer by \$20, by the second series, of 20 times 20, or 400, he is richer by \$200; by the third series, of 20 times 400, or 8,000, he is richer some \$4,000 more, making in all \$4,220 on an investment of \$10. Who would be a piker?

But there is more. Be patient, imagine one of Linton's silver-throated agents is holding you by the coat lapel and jelling you all about it. And let us quote from a booklet which Mr. Linton told a reporter for The Tribune as he handed it to him (no he did not know he was a reporter) that it cost him \$1,400 for 10,000 of them. "Yes," went on Mr. Linton, who is a fine talker, "they cost me 14 cents each."

Also Mr. Linton confided to the reporter that he saw the man who sold the Brooklyn Bridge for \$500 to a poor Dutchman.

"Do you know him?" he was asked. "Oh, no. I just had him pointed out to me in the Criminal Courts Building. He was a sick looking person."

Then Linton turned to a man who was with him and said: "I think I'll sell some one the Singer Building or the Woolworth Building."

Linton laughed at his little joke, and his little audience laughed with him.

"Provision for the Future."

"The primary design of this company and please remember all this is from the Manhattan Mutual Realty Company's own booklet and one of greatest importance is to lend aid to men who desire to use their incomes to provide definitely for the future."

"The Manhattan Mutual Realty Company is incorporated under the laws of the State of New York. The organization is presided over by men who are . . . willing and anxious to deal justly and fairly with their clients, seeking no unfair advantage, but preserving the equities of all."

"The company is amply able to carry out all its contracts to the letter, and its responsibility is unquestioned."

"We invite your most serious attention to the 'free deed' feature of our contract. After you have paid in your initial 'home' instalment we will give you a free deed to the 'home' in the event of death, provided the payments have not been at any time more than thirty days in arrears, and provided you are not over fifty years of age and in good health at the time of taking possession of your home."

Now, how do some who have dealt with Linton regard his home contracts? Here are a couple of opinions: "Any one could see through it," said Mrs. William G. Aymer, of No. 355 Chancery street, Brooklyn, "and I made my husband give it up after he paid in \$10. Linton still has the money."

"I didn't see through it until I had paid in \$43," said Mrs. Minnie Scholze, of No. 1132 Lafayette avenue, Brooklyn, "and I can't get a cent of it back."

But Linton hides behind all such claims on the ground that the contract provides that the purchaser of it must pay in \$100 before the contract becomes binding.

In a typewritten statement, written in Linton's office, the profits of the Manhattan Mutual Realty Company are given as \$67,000 in three years. But where it went to, if Linton ever made this sum, no one knows, for three times has he been served with dispossession notices by his landlord, and it was only three weeks ago that the house he lived in at Glen Morris, Long Island, was bought in by William N. Ridge, who held a mortgage on the property, under foreclosure proceedings.

This house and many others pictured in the 14-cent booklet as having been built by the Manhattan Mutual Realty Company were never built by that company, according to information given to a reporter for The Tribune by those who are in a position to know.

Naturally, the question arises, Who is Linton?

The business world of this city did not know of him until a dozen years ago, when he breezed in after touring the country with a moving picture machine. He also gave lectures on the beauties of Cuba, and sold Cuban plantations. Then he found work with a real estate company, and after working for a time as a salesman he branched out on his own hook.

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\$9,586 FOR HOSPITAL

Joseph P. Day Pays \$2,000 for Box at Lyric Theatre.

An entertainment for the benefit of the Sydenham Hospital, held at the Lyric Theatre last night, netted \$9,586. Joseph P. Day, president of the hospital, gave \$2,000 for one box, Daniel Guggenheim gave \$1,000 for another and Dr. Robert Knutson gave \$500 for a third.

The performers were drawn mainly from the companies at the Winter Garden, the Lyric and the Casino. Among the spectators were Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Guggenheim, their daughter Gladys and their niece, Miss Nettie Gerstel; Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Guggenheim, Mr. and Mrs. Adolf W. Kessler, A. Moseley, Abraham S. Gilbert and Mr. and Mrs. Carlton Simon and their daughter Rose.